A WHIP FOR The SPANIARDS, AND A SCOURGE FOR The FRENCH, In Two SATYRS.

Written by J. M. *and* W. P. Gents.

Qui plus ambit, minus conſequitur
Homo ſibi ipſi calamitatum Author.

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proceeds to the

PREFACE.

THE Reader is desir'd to take Notice, That the two following Poems had not been sent into the World, but at a Time when there was the highest Occasion given for Satyr by the two Kingdoms, who are the Subjects of it, as could possibly happen. France and Spain are now under one Head, tho' they seemingly have two Kings, and the consequences of their Conjunction may probably be such as to disturb the Repose of Christendom, which has been of too short a duration. The Armies on both sides are now ready to take the Field, and the Two Authors of the following Poems, thought nothing could contribute more towards English Resentments than putting such Idea's into their Minds

Minds, as might rouze up that Courag
which has for some Years laid Dorman
The Nature of the Performance mad
'em use a severity of Stile which would
probably seem too gross, were not the sub
ject of it Satyr, where Writers are no
ty'd up to that decency and softness a
is requisite in other Compositions. If the
give any Diversion to the Town the
Authors have all they intended fro
daubing their Fingers about 'em; and
the last has not treated a Crown'd Hea
or an Ambassador, as it becomes their hig
Stations, excuses himself from their un
warranted Actions, which bid defianc
both to the Laws of God and Man, an
have been reputed very injurious to th
Publick Tranquility, by the Gre
Council of the Nation, now Assemble
in Parliament.

A

WHIR

FOR

The Spaniards.

WHEN conquering *Spain* before the *Indians* flood,
Writing their Fame in Characters of Blood;
They proudly then aſpiring to be Great,
Laid hold of what was offered by Fate:
Poſſeſſion took of all their *Eaſtern Mines*,
And ſtamp'd their Silver Ore with *Spaniſh* Coins.
Well might they Boaſt themſelves a happy State,
If with their Wealth they had been fortunate!
But they at firſt, by Nature were deſign'd,
A Sanguinary Nation, but refin'd
By baſe deceit——which they a Vertue call,
And whilſt they ſtile you Friend they ſeek your Fall:

There's

There's no Certainty in what they say,
They'l kill their Father, after for him pray.
Their ill got Wealth, but serv'd to make them poor,
And to their comfort none deserve it more.
With this their first Succes they'd *Ills* pursue,
And so laid Claim to *England*, as their due.
Purse-proud their haughty Message then they sent,
To know if to their Claim wee wou'd consent;
Or else they'd force us to't by an Invasion,
And threaten'd dire destruction to our Nation.
But to their Sorrow then they found it true,
They could not conquer *England* like *Peru*,
Tho' their Predictions often spoke our Fate,
Believing none but they were fortunate?
But loud Destruction did their Navies meet,
And bravely we destroy'd their Silver Fleet:
Whilst they to pamper Pride a begging went,
And sought to borrow what was rashly Lent.
Their Towns they Dipt, their Losses to regain,
And their tall Ships lay scatter'd o're the Main,
As Fortune's Justice would Injustice quell,
And keep us from the Jaws of *Rome* and Hell.
Tho' the leud Pope establish'd cruel Laws,
While he gave out Religion was the Cause.

The Father pray'd, [illegible]
So absolute a Pray'r was good for nought;
An empty supplication wou'd not doe,
But Blessings must their wicked Cause pursue:
Their Fleet they call'd *Invincible Armado*,
And *Peter*'s Successor blest'd each *Toledo*?
Then thro' the foaming Waves their Fleet set sail
Believing in themselves they shou'd prevail.
With what assur'd belief, and expectation,
Thinking to work a holy Reformation,
And turn us Hereticks from out the Nation.
But see how Just was Heaven to prevent,
Their base, their proud, their bigotted Intent.
Tho unprepar'd, and in a careless Ease,
We dream'd not of the Burthen of the Seas:
However with the Rights of our perswasion,
We met and frustrated their base Invasion.
Did Piety perswade 'em to pursue
Such cruel Means, or have such Thoughts in view,
Or were our Kingdoms to the *Spaniards* due?
If either, why was God not of their side.
Because they'd rob the Just to feed their Pride.
Fortune was just, thus to decrease their Store,
Damn'd their Ambitious Hopes, and seiz'd their Ore,
And then in lieu she made 'em Proud and Poor.

Yet those poor destructive basest Men
Must to Religion subject be agen.
The Priest their *Inquisition* did invent,
Reforming Manners, and the Government,
And Tyraniz'd with Holy Punishment.
If holy Priest by Laws must sway the Nation,
And Arbitrary make their Occupation,
What mean's the Government, or King's Condition,
For he must subject be to their Commission;
Whilst they will purge his Sins by Inquisition?
If they offend, and then before them brought,
Offend, or not offend, y'are in a Fault.
And they, tho' justly they can't find offence,
Will judge you tardy in a Priest-like sence;
And after several hours Examination,
To show you their's a Heav'nly Occupation,
Will sit whole Days to find out and invent,
With most Pernicious search a Punishment;
Then with unheard of Cru'lties they begin,
To use their Tortures to reclaim their Sin.
Oh! may their Inquisition never cease,
Or while they live, enjoy a moments peace.
But *Satyr* speak, and give me reason why,
They more than all shou'd be thy Enemy.

Because

ecauſe Succeſs their firſt Endeavours crown'd,
And let 'em plant falſe Principles for ſound.
Twas Bigottry that firſt mark'd out the way,
Ambition dragg'd their Fortune to decay.
Courage they've none, they'l brag, but dare not fight,
But yet like Envious Dogs behind you bite.
If a good Coat, or Hat's upon your head,
They'l kill you firſt, than Strip you when you're dead.
Yet a *proud Don* with half a pint of Wine,
Two Shotten Herrings twice will make him dine;
And he ſhall ſtrut with Footman by his ſide,
As great as oft exalted Beggers ride.
Two Eggs for Supper half his Pockets worth,
The Shells and Warter ſerve his Man for Borth.
Nay, oftentimes the mighty Men of State,
Will in their Coaches ride to buy their Meat.
And to maintain twelve Servants, great expence,
For one days Victuals lay out twenty pence;
And then to ſhow their Prodigality,
Their doors are open that the world may ſee,
They are not Courtiers of a mean degree.
As for their Lacquies what is left they have,
Some hungry catch it, all the reſt muſt ſtarve;
Or elſe muſt ſteal their Maſter's houſehold Wealth
To buy them Bread—muſt eat it too by ſtealth:
And may be then for Breakfaſt he will call,
And ſwear and curſe becauſe they eat it all;

Proclaims a faſt to all for two days time.
But had you ſeen when firſt the War begun,
How bravely, to ſecure themſelves they'd run;
And out of danger face about and ſay,
Pox of the *Engliſh* how they run away:
Commend me to a *Spaniard*, whoſe Perſwaſion,
Is to Religion, Yet upon occaſion
Shall Murder any Perſon that you lack,
Nay, bravely run him through behind his back;
Shall Swear and forſwear any thing you will,
And him that hir'd him afterwards ſhall kill:
Altho' a Begger, and his Generation,
Was by their Calling Thieves by Procreation,
Yet he with Brags wou'd fain be underſtood,
That his Deſcent was from a Noble Blood:
His Father, or his Grandfire which he'l name,
By conquering *India* got immortal Fame;
Yet for Religion he'l Devoutly ſwear,
And pick your Pocket if you ha'n't a care:
Hee'l tell you what Exploits he bravely did,
How many Men he ſingly Conquered:
Gut off their Arms and Legs in bloody War,
And yet received not a ſingle Scar.
An *Engliſh* Youth then to the *Spaniard* ſaid,
It would be braver to cut off the Head:
But ſaid the *Spaniard*, Fortune was a whore,
No need of that it was cut off before:

Thei

their Crimes to bid with [illegible]

's want of Courage, and the want of Sence.
The *Dutch*, I praise, when tributary they,
To *England*'s Queen in humble manner pray:
That from the *Spaniard* we wou'd Set them free,
From Inquisitions to their Liberty:
The *Dutch* we did divide from *Spanish* Yoak,
We sav'd their Persons, freed them from the Cloak.
When conquer'd *Spain* from Wars they run, or come,
They us'd their baseſt Tyranny at Home.
Their Wives with Threats, or Blows, they did command,
At Dinner, with a Plate, behind them ſtand.
How mean's a *Spaniard*'s Soul, when once he's vex'd,
To Execute his rage upon their Sex:
Padlock their Wives; nay, worſer Plagues invent,
And all is 'cauſe themſelves are impotent:
Because they are Be-ſhi-t, why ſhou'd they think,
That all the world as well as they muſt ſtink;
Their lateſt Action ſhow'd their pollicy,
To give a way their Crown to ſet them free:
Frighten'd by Prieſts with fear of being damn'd,
And for their comfort afterwards trapann'd.
Their Towns being mortgaged when call'd to pay
The Intereſt eat the Principal a way.
To ſave their Towns which from their ſtate muſt fall,
The Prieſt perſwaid them to give 'em all?
From all the World this fooliſh Action hid,
But *France*, no queſtion, will deſtroy their Pride,

Prieſt-

Therefore, who timely to prevent,
You growing rich a Reformater ſent,
Your folly now untimely may repent.
Who better uſe will make of Silver ore,
To make him rich, and allways keep you Poor.
When Holy Prieſt preſcribe a King the Laws,
Tho' ne're ſo bad Religion is the Cauſe;
And then they tell you 'twas from Heaven ſent,
Their preſent Sufferings greater to prevent.
But pordigality muſt have a fall,
Prieſts ſticks at nothing, but they aim at All.
Now *Spaniſh Dons* with Gravity beſtrid,
Their ruin'd Nation, and their ſinking Pride:
When Want compels with rage each other bite
May their diſpare to hang themſelves incite:
When they to Heav'n do for Aſſiſtance call,
May then their darling Pride to nothing fall.
Diſpis'd by all when they for mercy crave,
And may they never reſt but in the Grave.
May their Ambition be their faithleſs guide,
May they loſe all their Hopes, but keep their Pride.
Be plagu'd with *Premunire* Puniſhment.
May each ſucceſſive King freſh plagues Invent.
May devils in their Nation Judges ſit,
And may their Fools be reckon'd Men of Wit,
And damn their Actions for the want of it.
May Vipers in their Nation hiſs their ſhame,
And in their Ruin boaſt their blaſted Fame.

May

May their Young *Gallick* Regent Judge their Cause,
And to reward their Favours damn their Laws.
May Priests possess their All without controul,
And each apply to them to save his Soul.
By them be flatter'd this their hop'd content,
You'l nere get Heaven but by Punishment.
Then may they curse themselves for suffering much,
And meanly ask Protection from the *Dutch*.
May they by them, and all the World dispis'd,
And ne're appear Abroad but when disguis'd.
May they apply themselves unto the Pope,
And for their cure be then prescrib'd a Rope.
Let Superstition in their Nation reign,
Pox Pride and Ruin glut themselves in *Spain*.
May they be still dispis'd; nay worse, compell'd,
To leave their Riches from their hopes expell'd.
May foreign Troops devour all they have,
And for their comfort in their Country starve,
Yet may they live to see their Money spent,
And may their Pride be still their Punishment.

And may his Fortunes equal to his Crimes,
Deduce a warning to ſucceeding Times:
May may his own Son againſt his Armies riſe,
And with his Subjects murther Glut his Eyes;
May *Burgundy* be beaten on the *Rhine*,
And *Catinat* retreat beyond the Sein;
May *Spaniſh Anjou* be the *Spaniards* ſcorn,
And ſent to dictate Laws where he was born,
While *Belgick* Troops their Conquering Arms advance,
And ſet *John Calvin*'s Doctrines up in *France*,
Put Convents, Cells and Nunneries in a Flame,
And make a Stable of Church *Notredame*.
While his Tall Fleet becomes the Ocean's Sport,
And not one powder'd Fop returns to Court.
While from *Verſails* to *Baſtile* h'is hurried,
And dyes, is d--n'd, and afterwards unburied.
Theſe are the Harms we wiſh the Regal B---,
And more than theſe would ſuch a Monſter ſuit,
But others claim the notice of the Times,
And they ſhould ſhare his Guilt who ſhare his Crimes,
Amongſt the reſt ſuperlatively baſes
His *E-g-ſh* Envoy claims the chieſeſt Place,
T--ſ--d, a ſubtle grinning Fop of State,
Well vers'd in Smiles, and practic'd in deceit.

A SCOURGE FOR The French.

A SATYR.

F violated Leagues for Vengeance call,
And Perjuries should make Heavns Thunder fall;
Infamy should have it's due desert,
Falshood in a Treacherous Monarch's Heart.
hat Punishments inflicted can Attone,
r Him that basely fill's the G[illegible] Throne?
at meditates destruction's Laws in State,
d almost undertakes the Work of *Fate*,
He sits brooding o're unfinish'd Harms,
d hatches Ruin in his Sc[illegible]p[illegible]t's Arms?
alse are his Thoughts, and mischeivous his Soul,
Conscience like his pamper'd Body Foul,
Fistula without, and Pride within,
e possess'd with P[illegible]x, and fill'd with Sin.

And

Subtle by Nature, plausible and fair;
And his Addresses have a winning air.
He had our C——s's Arts foreseen;
And found that mischief Lurk'd within his Mein.
As he propos'd his Measures for their Guide;
And to gain all consented to Divide.
But oh! 'tis past'd, and British Chiefs thought fit,
To shew their reach of Judgment and of Wit,
Not thinking F——e could ever be too great,
Or E——d stand in fear of any State.
However, tho' we can't what's past'd revoke,
And those Eternal Laws can ne'r be broak;
Yet we may vent our Prayers, and dissolve,
That Misery we hear Britannia's Foes,
And Oh! Great Heaven, and hear a Supplicant's Cry
Punish the breach of Oaths which darne the Skies,
Let the false Crew thy Mercies never taste,
Nor reap the benefit of Earth and Air,
But conscious of the Mischief he has done,
Let him to some deserted Cavern run,
And drop *Peece-meal* without one dying Pray'r
To beg thy favour, or implore thy Care.

FINIS.